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"Right is More Precious than Peace"

THE WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN.

This is the day which marks the opening of the war savings stamp campaign, the movement in behalf of thrift which is expected to place in the treasury of the United States \$2,000,000,000 this year for the purpose of meeting the war requirements of this country and of furnishing the proper backing for the soldiers and sailors.

It is planned to have the whole country thoroughly covered by solicitors who will present the details of the campaign, explain the purpose and what is expected of each and every individual. The people of the country are to be asked to pledge a fixed amount if they will but at least agree to save and invest as much as they can in this way for the purpose of helping the government. And while it means less to Uncle Sam it cannot be overlooked that it is through the saving which it is hoped to encourage, intended to act as the same time as the beginning of a habit which a great many people have not yet cultivated.

It has been truly said that the war savings stamps supply the final and conclusive answer to the question, "How can we all help?" Many, and it might be said almost everyone, have at some time expressed the wish that they could do more to aid in the war. Financial assistance is a vital need and the practice of thrift which will provide the two billion through war saving stamp purchases gives everyone a chance to render some aid and in most cases increased assistance. The stamps, it is to be remembered, are not gifts. They are government securities and everyone should aim to possess as many as possible. Everyone should help and this is the chance for everyone.

AUSTRIA'S CRISIS.

Indications which have been going from bad to worse for a long time in Austria appear to be reaching a climax which threatens much more serious results than on any previous occasion. What the outcome will be cannot be told except that it is impossible for Germany to bring about the relief which is demanded in the way of improved food rations. Austria is likely to become a greater burden than it is a help.

The amount of suffering and hardships which have been undergone by the people in that country is probably not fully realized by the outside world. The clamors which have been made for the securing of peace have had some foundation. The political conditions have at the same time been growing worse until the people in certain sections are ready for a revolt and when there is added to these the fact that there cannot be secured enough to eat there is presented a situation which threatens dire results.

The terrible losses which have been suffered from the war have caused great uneasiness and with financial ruin staring the country in the face, the utter failure of the present offensive which has been launched has served to add to the uneasiness and increase the demand for the ending of the war and the restoration of tolerable living conditions. The crisis which Austria faces cannot be minimized and it remains to be seen whether Germany can continue to lash them into its support much longer. The war having started in Austria it would certainly be an excellent place to end it. It appears to be a direction in which the allies should strike and strike hard.

BETTER TRANSPORTATION.

The report which has been made by A. H. Smith, regional railroad director in the east, gives much encouragement to the belief that the solution of the transportation problems is fast being reached. According to his statement it is shown that there has been eliminated over 2,000,000 miles of non-essential passenger train mileage a month that blast furnaces which were operating in only 51 per cent of their capacity in February are now furnishing a normal production because transportation shortcomings have been remedied, that there has been a large addition to the motive power of the roads and that car shortage has been eliminated except for the open top type. This improvement in the very direction that was needed. It has been

THE WAY SHE CARED

"So it's true!" exclaimed the young woman who had just then been told the big secret. She looked approvingly at the ring on Lucy's pretty hand. Lucy nodded happily and caressed the modest diamond in its old-fashioned setting, and then held out the hand. "Isn't it dear and quaint?" she said. "I love it. It was Ned's mother's ring, and of course I'd much rather have it than a new one."

"It's a beauty," said the young woman who had just then been told the big secret. "I'm awfully glad to know of your happiness. Of course I had rather suspected it, and I said to myself that if you did accept Ned you'd be spared all the agonizing that most of the engaged girls are going through now, with their lovers sailing away to fight for Ned is over draft age, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, withdrawing her hand from the warm pressure of her friend's. "Ned is nearly 33."

"Then you're perfectly safe."

Lucy made no answer as she bent over the big box she was packing with Red Cross hospital garments, but in a moment her friend said, "Oh, Lucy, here is Johnny Taylor. Show her your ring, dear."

Lucy emerged from the box and laughingly extended her left hand to the newcomer. "Yes," she said, "it's Ned's."

"Oh, how splendid! Aren't you lucky? He's a darling fellow. Is he over the draft age?"

"Yes, he's nearly 33," she answered, and once more bent to her packing. The news of the engagement spread rapidly as the workshop filled with the members of the guild, and one after another of Lucy's friends sought her out to wish her happiness and admire the old ring. It was very happy and rather exciting day, and as she rode home on the street car she thought of the fun it would be to tell Ned in person herself.

"I ought to be absolutely content," she thought. "I love Ned devotedly, changes, it never fell into German hands."

A few weeks ago, there was a "straightening" of the British line, and at this point the line moved forward, and the British army took over the village. The food administrators were taken to the village and the food was brought in on stretchers and attended to by candlelight. Then the sound of the guns moved further away, and the Engineer's dump was established in

the village. The cellar was filled with coils of wire and men working on machinery of various kinds, and the men sang as they worked.

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A more rigid regulation of public eating places by the state food administrator under the direction of the federal food administration is well made. The beef supply is to be put at the source in relation to having rules laid down as to when certain meats can and cannot be served. Hotels and restaurants are not to focus attention upon these days. With many of them there has grown a too fond habit of noting that whatever day might be in question called upon them to be patriotic and consequently certain things had been cut off the menu, but the price had not been cut. For the first few weeks when the sugar shortage struck the nation last winter the restaurants were allowed to go on using this food extravagantly without an order to stop. The food administrators are taking a tighter hold and have learned that mere requests will not work. Rigid orders and prosecution for violations of orders are needed.—Waterbury Republican.

Mr. Arthur Sowerby, the naturalist and explorer, who has just returned from perilous adventures in China to take up a commission with the Chinese government, has a story to tell of a family of scientists and artists who have been like the Darwins, Hookers and Henslows—furnished devotees to botanical research for several generations. The 12 big volumes of "English Botany," still a standard work after 40 years, were mainly the work of the Sowerbys, though the popular portion, describing the favorite flowers of the countryside, was written by the mother of Sir E. Ray Lankester.

Another coincidence of the war: A soldier, serving in Flanders, wrote to his sister saying he had a lonely child who asked him if he knew of any nice girl who would write to him and send him her photograph. The girl sent her own to her brother, and told him to pass it on to his chum. But this the brother refused to do. Later on the girl became engaged to a soldier who was convalescent at the local military hospital. He had met the girl's brother over in Flanders, and when he had left home to leave the girl engaged for the two to meet again. Then the brother confessed that this was the chum to whom he had refused his sister's photograph!

"The making of new words (on which 'The Daily Chronicle' keeps watch) is less curious than the inversion of old ones. When, for instance, Mr. John Dillon said at Ballinabough that the eyes of the whole Irish race were literally fixed upon the contest of East Cavan, he meant that those enormous eyes were figuratively turned thereon. There is no word more grotesquely misused than 'literally.' It is not only employed in the manner of exaggeration or of inaccuracy; it is taken for its contrary. And this is now done often in speech and in print. Mr. Dillon said that a hundred writers in his respect literally keep step with him."

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Schoolboys are doing excellent work on the farms in the Midlands. Last year the secondary school lads of Birmingham worked 60,000 hours, and this season that figure will probably be doubled. The schoolboys of Warwick intend to make an itinerary of the farms in South Warwickshire, taking with them their own tents and rations, while 100 of the college boys of Malvern fall over it, and with bicycles are giving up their half-holidays on Thursdays and Saturdays to work on the land. They are paid on "piece rates" and the balance of their earnings, after expenses, is devoted to charity—an excellent example of patriotism and philanthropy.

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Mme. Lerch was arrested some weeks ago for carrying on a seditious agitation in Munich, and she succeeded in hanging herself in her cell while waiting for her trial for high treason. In her farewell letter to her friends she wrote:

"When the Russian revolution began I was overjoyed. When Lenin acceded to power at Petrograd my happiness knew no bounds. Then came blow after blow. Lenin and Trotsky were false to every principle of democracy. Their policy fortified the last strongholds of imperialism in Germany, in Austria, and in Hungary. Their folly has discredited revolutionary socialism."

OTHER VIEW POINTS

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STORIES OF THE WAR

A French Village Cafe.

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)

Before the war the "Estaminet of the White Rose," a typical French village cafe, looked out over broad fields and a peaceful countryside. Today all that remains of it is the old sign-board, splintered and bullet-marked, which hangs over the entrance to a new Y. M. C. A. hut on the site of the old village cafe.

The White Rose, in peacetime, was the meeting place, every evening, of the French farmers, men with heavy boots and tanned skins, who came in for a drink or a smoke, served smilingly by the old patronne, daughter. Often the men sang quaint songs in their harsh voices, and the rafters shook with prodigious laughter.

Then came war, and the men carried their quaint songs far away south of the Ardennes. Other men, strangers, sat at the wooden tables in the unfamiliarity of the British army. They had tanned skins and heavy boots, and sang strange songs loudly. They called the patronne "Mother" and looked with her winning her affection.

The Germans were advancing, and one evening their guns were heard. The inhabitants of the village gathered their belongings and left their homes. The last to leave were the old inn-keeper and her daughter.

The German advance wavered and broke before the British counter-attack, but the German guns had done their work. It was a sad wreck, the "Estaminet of the White Rose," a window-deep in debris that looked out over fields scarred with shell-holes and mounds of water-soaked mud.

But the men in khaki were still there, singing their songs as if nothing had happened. Shells continued to drop into the town, the orchards were ruined, the church-spire leaned precariously, and in front of the village ran trenches with masses of barbed wire. In what remained of the little inn, staff officers worked by candlelight, protected by sandbags which darkened the house.

One day a prolonged and violent bombardment demolished nearly all that remained of the village, and the Germans attacked. Hardly one stone was left standing on another, and only the cellar of the estaminet remained after a period of bitter fighting in and out of the village. A crater yawned in the main street in front of the inn, but a company officer worked in the cellar and in the evenings there were still songs. The fighting went on; sometimes one side gave a little ground, sometimes the other, but although the cellar underwent many

changes, it never fell into German hands.

A few weeks ago, there was a "straightening" of the British line, and at this point the line moved forward, and the British army took over the village. The food administrators were taken to the village and the food was brought in on stretchers and attended to by candlelight. Then the sound of the guns moved further away, and the Engineer's dump was established in

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Corporal Norman Howe, Bedfordshire regiment, who has been a prisoner in Germany since the end of 1914 and has just been transferred to a hospital in Holland, writing to his parents, says:

"When I was first captured I was knocked about something cruel. Sixty of us were put into one cattle truck, and as there was no ventilation we had to make holes in the truck or we should have been stifled."

"We had no food or water for three days, and we were about at our last gasp when we arrived at Zerbst, or rather hell. Here I remained for five months, with just enough to keep me alive. We had not the strength to

walk, and were being sneaked about at all times.

"From Zerbst we were sent to Weverburg, 10 work in a coal mine. The work was very hard, but we stuck to it for a fortnight and then refused to work. We were sent back to the camp for punishment, and were imprisoned for a week, being given only bread and water."

"Eight different times I went to work at different jobs, and there was only one good place out of the lot—the farm. While at the farm we were told that no N. C. Os were to work there, and I was sent back to the camp. Afterwards we were sent to Wittenburg for punishment, and then on to Alten-Grabow. I shall have a lot more to tell you when I come home."

Since the beginning of the German offensive, exactly two months ago, 1,000 German aeroplanes have been brought down or driven down out of control by us, and more than 1,000 tons of bombs have been dropped by us over the enemy's lines.

On Monday our observation balloons and aeroplanes were again very active. Several long distance reconnaissance were completed; many successful photos were taken, and much observation work was done in co-operation with our artillery.

During the day our bombing aeroplanes dropped 22 tons of bombs on the enemy's railway stations, aerodromes and billets. Enemy scout machines were chiefly employed in attacking our reconnaissance and bombing aeroplanes.

In air fighting 13 German aeroplanes were brought down and two others were driven down out of control. One hostile machine was shot down by anti-aircraft gunfire. Two hostile observation balloons were also destroyed by us. Four of our aeroplanes are missing.—London Chronicle.

When John Wilson, a miner, broke into a jeweler's shop at Kingston (Surrey) and stole property to the value of £237 he left the following note for the shopkeeper:

Dear Friend: It is hard that you should have your beautiful rings and jewelry stolen, but be of good heart, as the one who has taken or is taking them needs them more than you do. The valuables I have taken are of no account to a very large sum of money, but still they are medicine for a poor man's eyes.

Fleeing guilty, Wilson was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

During the last few days little dolls of green and yellow wool have appeared in men's buttonholes and ladies' corsages. They bear names, for they are the new "protectors" of Paris.

One is Nette, the other is Rintintin. The first is a Gothic castle, the second preserves the wearer from Bertha's shells.

Paris, light-hearted as usual, even in the face of imminent danger, is delighted with its new toys. The little midnights, other workers, old and young, vie with faultlessly dressed ladies and their escorts to secure these mascots, much to the satisfaction of the pavement traders, who are driving a roaring business.

On the occasion of the bestowal of the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor upon the famous French aviator, Nungesser, who has gained 35 or 36 victories, the newspapers recount some of the deeds which have earned this brilliant officer the honor. The following is one of the most picturesque of his adventures.

Nungesser gained the Military Medal on Sept. 3, 1914, when he was a Hussar. His detachment had been surrounded and Nungesser carried his officer, who was wounded, into shelter.

Then with two infantrymen he attacked a 40 horse power motor car containing four German officers, including a colonel. In the fight which ensued a shot from the car went right through Nungesser's hat, but he succeeded in killing his adversaries, and changing clothes with one of them, he jumped into the car with his comrades and regained the French lines.

It was thought at first that he was a spy and he was taken before the general officer commanding, to whom he delivered the papers he had found on the Germans, which included a map indicating the route by which the Germans intended to march on Paris.

The delighted general invited the hero to lunch and made him a present of the motor car, with the words: "You are a Hussar. You have captured a Motor. You will henceforth be a Hussard de mort" (a death's head Hussar). The nickname has stuck to Nungesser.

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